

THE BRICK MILL

Is putting in new Pulleys and Belts, so they can grind Feed to better advantage. Last July they put in a new stone for grinding Feed, and since have had their Feed Roll reconditioned. Horsemen say the Rolled Oats crushed on these Rolls beat all other kinds of Feed.

THEIR FLOUR IS No. 1.
Their Sheds are a convenient place to leave a team and to feed. Altogether, it is a good place to go.

RISDON & TAYLOR

Fancy Dairy Butter Wanted!

TRY OUR

Strictly Pure Baking Powder!

TEAS, from 25 cts. per lb. to \$1.00.

RISDON & TAYLOR

March 11th, 1892.

GRAND DISPLAY

It will PAY You to Visit Our Store
AND SEE THE LARGEST LINE OF

FURNITURE, CROCKERY

Lamps, Glassware

NOVELTIES and FANCY PIECES!

PLATED WARE & C.

To be found in one house in the State.

Our Prices are Below Competition!

Our New Upholstered Rockers are Dandies,
FROM \$2.50 UP.

In CROCKERY Finest Line ever shown
AND LOWEST PRICES.

Our Bargains in Lamps you should not let pass.

Our UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT
IS IN CHARGE OF A. B. FAIRCHILD.

Which is a Guarantee that it will be well done.

W. A. JENKINS & CO.,
No. 8, Phenix Block.

Business Cards.

J. S. WEBB, JOINT PORTER,
Garrettsville, O. Blackstone Block, Ravenna, O.

WEBB & PORTER,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
015 Blackstone Block, Ravenna, O.

TO LOAN—Money to loan on Farm Property,
WEDD & PORTER, Ravenna, O.

J. H. DAY, W. J. BECKLEY,
LAW OFFICE,
NOTARIES PUBLIC.

Money to loan in large or small amounts, on
first mortgage real estate securities.
Office, No. 9, Phenix Block, up stairs, 1217

C. H. GRIFFIN,
DENTIST—Office over First National Bank,
Ravenna, Ohio. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

H. H. SPIERS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office
in Blackstone Block, over the Republican
Office. Office open at all hours, except Sundays
and Fridays, in Edinburgh, from 1 p. m. to 5 p. m.

J. H. DUSSEL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY
Public. Counsel in English and German.
Fellow business and foreign correspondence
collected. Agency for reliable Steamship Lines.
Office over Fifth Clothing Store, Ravenna, O.

J. H. NICHOLS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Notary Public. Office
in Phenix Block, over Second National Bank,
Ravenna, Ohio.

S. F. HANSELMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Blackstone Block,
Ravenna, O.

L. T. RUSSELL, G. F. T. JOHNSON,
SIDDALE & DOUTHITT,
Attorneys at Law, Ravenna, O.

J. W. HOLCOMB,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office No. 38, Room 12, Middle Block,
Ravenna, Ohio. 1119-12

HARRY L. BEATTY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office, Room 18, Middle Block, Ravenna, Ohio.
1119-12

E. Y. LACEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC.
and SOLICITOR OF PRISONS, Office with
Democratic Press, Ravenna, O.

MILLER'S HOUSE

NORTH CHEROKEE ST., RAVENNA, O.
Boarding by the Day or Week.
Every attention paid to the comfort of guests,
and the table is supplied with the best of food.
JAMES MILLER, Proprietor.

BRICK! BRICK!

The Ravenna Brick and Tile Works
are now prepared to fill all orders for
Brick, from their new yard.

Brwn's Bakery.

Corner of Main and Prospect Streets,
makes a specialty of

FINE CAKES.

—ALSO—
FRESH BREAD, BUNS, ROLLS
and CAKES, every day.

We use the best material, and take
pains to have all our goods first class
CALL AND SEE US.

C. S. BROWN,
Corner Main and Prospect Sts (1162)

THE DEMOCRAT

VOL. 24, No. 43.

RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1892.

WHOLE No. 1239.

RAVENNA ROLLER MILLS

KIRK & WOOD, Proprietors.
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
Best Brands of Roller Flour
—AND—
ALL KINDS OF FEED.
Delivered to any part of the City
—Try our "DAISY" Brand of Flour.

Everybody Wears Clothing

Don't fail to call and select one of the many imported patterns which we opened in our department last Monday morning, direct from our Factory, from which we will sell

The Best Suit Ever Offered in Ravenna for \$5!

For which others ask \$550.

Another very fine line of Suits, eight different patterns and styles to select from, for \$7.50, others ask \$10.00.

Then we have six different styles Sacks and Cutaways to select from, at \$9.50, others ask \$12.50.

One more special lot 11 different patterns of the finest, newest styles Wide Wales, Black Cheviots, Worsters, light and dark shades to select from, at \$12.00, others ask \$16.00 to \$18.00.

No, we don't want to Rob people that way, as we are satisfied with Quick Sales and Small Profits.

Our Motto Is, Live and Let Live!

OUR NECKTIES are in full blossom—225 styles and the very latest.

DON'T FORGET our 18 cents Men's Working Shirts! Also, our 18 cts. Boys' Waists. And only a few more Knee Pants left at 20 cents, others sell at 50 Cents.

BE WELL PREPARED! We are going to sell for one week more, commencing June 1.

Our \$1.25 Pants at 99c;

Our \$2.00 Pants at \$1.35;

Our \$2.75 Pants at \$2.00;

Our \$3.50 Pants at \$2.75;

Our \$4.00 Pants at \$3.00;

And our 4.50, \$5.00 and \$6.00 Pants at \$4.00!

NOW REMEMBER, this

SPECIAL PANTS SALE

Will only last one week, commencing June 1.

We wish to call the attention of careful and experienced buyers to our superior line of

OUR OWN MADE CLOTHING

For Men, Youth, Boys and Children—perfect fitting goods.

Any one anticipating the purchase of

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS AND VALISES,

Will find it to their interest to trade at the ROCHESTER CLOTHING HOUSE.

We can save everybody the expenses of Monkey, Foxes and Puppies, to pay for advertisement. Put us on your shopping list to give us a call, as you will not regret doing so, because our low prices will be very interesting. Remember the

One Price Rochester Clothing House

Opposite the Court House, - - - Ravenna, Ohio.

B. HESKINS, Manager.

SMITH & DAVIS

Desire to call attention of their many friends and the public generally to their PRICE LIST.

The time has come when profits are not to be considered.

They are fighting for the Trade, and if PRICES and QUALITY will bring it, they are bound to win.

Space does not allow a very complete list of prices, but everything in their establishment is cut in proportion to the following.

Competitors Must Clear the Track. We're After Them.

Fine French Kid Button Shoes reduced from - \$4.00 to \$3.50.

Fine Kid Button Shoes reduced from - 3.00 to 2.50.

Fine Kid Button Shoes, cloth top, reduced from 4.00 to 3.50.

Fine Dongola Kid Oxford Shoes reduced from 1.50 to 1.25.

Fine Dongola Kid Oxford Shoes reduced from 2.00 to 1.75.

Hannan & Sons' Man's Hand-Sewed Lace and Congress French Calf reduced from - 6.50 to 5.00.

Wright & Richards Hand-Sewed Lace and Congress French Calf reduced from - 5.25 to 4.50.

Wright & Richards Goodyear Lace and Congress French Calf reduced from - 4.00 to 3.40.

Wright & Richards Goodyear Lace and Congress French Calf reduced from - 3.50 to 3.00.

Men's Fine Kangaroo Goodyear Lace and Congress French Calf reduced from - 3.25 to 2.90.

DON'T FAIL to compare prices and quality of goods before purchasing.

SMITH & DAVIS.

LEAVE YOUR ORDER

FOR A PAIR OF OUR OWN

Hand Made Team Fly Nets

They will cost you \$6.00 per Pair.

COME AND SEE SAMPLES.

G. W. GOCKEL.

Salable, Seasonable Specialties.

By that we mean we carry in stock all the leading Cough Syrups, Cod Liver Oil Emulsions, Bronchial Lozenges, and goods of that class used this time of year.

IN DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES
Customers will find our stock complete.

PERFUMES
We make a specialty of, and think we have a little the finest line in town.

Call in, whether you wish to buy or not. Get a Calendar for next year, and look around. Always glad to see you.

HART & CO., Druggists, Opera Block, Ravenna.

He Remembered.

Yes, but my boy, I remember it all. Not that I had the old days to recall. How you set Squire Belchers' door on me. Now the matter is my lot in three. 'N' how, when we were in the school, I was not liked when you had broke the rule.

'N' how we went a-shin' in the creek. You had to be there on the old days to recall. 'N' how, when we went to the candy store. You had to be there on the old days to recall. 'N' how, when we went to the candy store. You had to be there on the old days to recall.

Yes, I remember all them boyhood acts. Now that you're here to bring up all the facts: 'N' I remember, too, when I was small. I guess I'd lick you, I'd guess at all. 'N' growed I was, I guess I'd guess at all. 'N' growed I was, I guess I'd guess at all.

I'm glad to take your right against my knee. 'N' thank you, I'll not most hardly say. 'N' thank you, I'll not most hardly say. 'N' thank you, I'll not most hardly say.

And I'll remember all them boyhood acts. Now that you're here to bring up all the facts: 'N' I remember, too, when I was small. I guess I'd lick you, I'd guess at all. 'N' growed I was, I guess I'd guess at all.

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TREASURE TROVE.

'I dreamed about that buried treasure again last night, Jack,' said old Skipper Maxwell, resting his oars a bit to draw his sleeve across his weather-beaten face, which was moist with perspiration.

'Don't doubt it, what is that, Uncle Sol,' laughed Jack Belchers, who sat in the stern of the boat, looking at his uncle with a mischievous grin.

'Oh, you can laugh,' responded the old fisherman, 'I really know it. In my dreams I'm a fisherman, and I'm in the mouth of a whale, and I'm in the mouth of a whale, and I'm in the mouth of a whale.'

'I know people say so,' returned Jack, 'but Uncle Sol, unheeding the complacent word, resumed his rowing and went on:

'If you'll I now, could only be lucky enough to find it, Jack, think of the good the money'd do me! I wouldn't have to fish for a living, and you could go ahead and finish your schoolin' jest the same as though Squire Belchers had left you his property, as folks always called he would do.'

Jack's bright face clouded a little. 'I never shall understand why my adopted father did not make a will before he died,' he responded; 'never, for he spoke of doing so very freely the last time I was home on a vacation.'

'You don't 'pose, Jack,' said Skipper Maxwell, involuntarily lowering his voice, 'that Squire Belchers might have made one after all, and that air seal of his brother's—Lawyer Belchers—got hold of it and hid it away—'

'Nonsense,' rather sharply interrupted Jack. 'Lawyer Belchers is a law-shrewd to commit a crime that would send him to state's prison; no, that sort of thing is done in stories a great deal more than in fact.'

'I'd believe anything that's bad of Thurston Belchers, or his boy either,' the skipper returned persistently. 'Remember how he was when he was a boy, and how he was when he was a boy, and how he was when he was a boy.'

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heavy hearted. It was not alone at the loss of the fortune which should have been his. He had had a deep affection for eccentric Squire Belchers, and it hurt Jack more than he cared to own that his adopted father had left no will, and no message even to show that he returned his regard.

Uncle Sol made no answer. Like many of his kind, he was inclined to superstition. It was the full of the moon, and according to an old legend it was at such a time that the marks on Kidd's Lodge, locating the burying place of a pot of gold were visible.

The skipper was thinking of this, as making some careless excuse, he rose, and strolling down to the shore took his way along the shadows of the beetling ledges, leaving Jack plunged in rather gloomy meditation.

Just before reaching Kidd's Lodge, which was said to be marked by three crosses cut in the stone, a murmur of voices reached his ear. Stopping and crouching low in the shadow of a great boulder, Uncle Sol peered cautiously out. Two persons, whose backs were toward him, were bending over the sand at the foot of Kidd's Lodge—apparently digging with all their might at the base of the rock.

'By the big horn spoon!' muttered the old skipper excitedly, 'somebody's found the place where the treasure's buried, and it's a diggin' for it!'

The evening was calm and still, with only the gentle wash of the sea waves on the beach to break the silence. Heated by the sun, the sand was warm, and softly climbed upward till it reached the top. Then worming himself along to the edge, he peeped over.

'What possessed you to run such a tremendous risk, Bradford?' were the first intelligent words that reached the skipper's ears.

'No great risk about it,' coolly returned the other. 'No one knew that Uncle Sol had made a will, and as I happened to find it in the tin trunk with some other papers, I slipped it away and buried it here.'

'Why here?' asked Mr. Belchers, who did not seem so much shocked as might have been expected.

'I knew the house would be ransacked, and I didn't want to carry it home,' was the surly reply.

'The skipper' who had listened with an amazement too deep for words, felt his heart almost stop beating as the whole truth of the matter flashed across his mind.

Dragging himself still farther forward, Jack Belchers, his neck until he could see what was going on below. Brad had disinterred a small square trunk of japanned tin, which stood open on the sand. His father had taken one of the tin trunks containing the missing will and told his story with great gusto.

It occurred to Uncle Sol that a honest man would know without studying such a question for a moment.

'Burn it, of course,' tersely responded Brad.

'If I did,' said his father, solemnly, 'it would only be to—save you from the consequences of what you have done.'

'Wammon,' sneered Brad. 'You know you're as anxious to hold on to the property as I am—burn it, I say.'

Mr. Belchers returned to hesitate. The drawing of a snoring match from his pocket, he struck it on the rocks, and the two stood close together. Uncle Sol opened his mouth to yell, when suddenly he remembered himself, and down he went, the light escaping as he pitched forward. Rolling down the steep and slippery ledge, he struck the rocks, and his head, which was Brad's shoulders, throwing them both to the sand.

Neither of them stopped there. Two more frightened individuals never scrambled from a recumbent position and took to their heels without so much as casting a glance behind.

'Ye couldn't see 'em for the sand they kicked up behind 'em,' chuckled observed Uncle Sol, as ten minutes later he displayed to Jack's astonished eyes the tin trunk containing the missing will and told his story with great gusto.

It is almost needless to say that the recovered will was entirely in his favor. Everything was left to him without reservation. Lawyer Titcomb being appointed a trustee to hold the property till the time came of age.

'I knowed I'd get even with them two critters, only I didn't think it would be so soon,' said Uncle Sol; 'and now, Jack, I lose a minute, and I hurry up to Lawyer Titcomb's and enter a complaint agin' 'em for larceny.'

'What for?' tranquilly interrupted Jack.

'So's to have 'em both put 'n state's prison,' returned Uncle Sol, with a bewildered stare.

'I'll think about it, Uncle Sol,' said Jack, quietly, and then, taking the tin trunk, he hurriedly disappeared.

Instead of stopping at Lawyer Titcomb's he kept on till he reached the old homestead where Mr. Belchers and his wife lived. He unlocked the door, and hurriedly took up their abode.

The lawyer and his son, having recovered from their fright, were about to return to the shore, when Jack peeped at the sight of the tin trunk the two grew as pale as ashes.

'I'll trouble you both to leave my premises,' coolly observed Jack.

'Now's the time, here's the will which you, Brad, stole and hid away, and you, Mr. Belchers,' turning to the lawyer, 'intended to burn.'

'What would he say to such an accusation?' Mr. Belchers stammered something about a mistake and hurriedly departed.

'I suppose now you've got the whip hand you'll pay us off in our own coin,' doggedly remarked Brad, who had lingered behind.

'What do you mean?' asked Jack.

'Why, shove us into state's prison.' 'I shall do nothing of the kind,' only returned Jack, 'though you both richly deserve it. No one but Uncle Sol Maxwell and I know what you have done, and I don't intend any one shall.'

'You'll order had your revenge agin' 'em, Jack,' grumbled Uncle Sol, who no longer goes fishing for a living but has taken to the sea as a poor rule that won't work both ways.'

'I know one that don't,' answered Jack.

'What one's that?' 'The golden rule,' said Jack, quietly; 'for whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them.'

He Copied Nature. Benevento Cellini had just finished a beautiful hanap, when Lucretia Borgia entered his studio. This gentle lady admired the work in silver, but failed to grasp the meaning of the design.

'The design appears to me to illustrate some biblical episode,' said she. 'It does,' returned Cellini. 'Daniel in the lions' den is the subject.'

'Ah, but I see only the lions,' said she. 'Undoubtedly; however, you note a slight distortion of the lions' bodies.'

'Yes.' 'Well, that's Daniel.' — Jewellers' Circular.

Kitchen Economy

Actual tests show the Royal Baking Powder to be 27 per cent. stronger than any other brand on the market. If another baking powder is forced upon you by the grocer, see that you are charged the correspondingly lower price.

Bread, biscuit, cakes and muffins are not known in most delicate and perfect quality where Royal Baking Powder is not used.

THE LEARNED CONDUCTOR. His Gentle Reproof of the Proud Boston Girl Who Snubbed Him.

A story is going the rounds here at the expense of a young woman and a car conductor who is a graduate of Harvard. The tale may or may not be true, but it has not been my experience in life that little details of the circulation of a story are of much importance. The incident was and indeed still is a handsome fellow of the romantic type, over which girls sigh at a certain stage of sentimentality; and during the palmy days of his university career he basked in the smiles of beauty to an extent which must have made him come down peculiarly hard to bear. Now that he is punching tickets he occasionally encounters one of his former admirers, and it is to be supposed that they do not often recognize him. Not long since, however, he was indiscreet enough to appeal to the remembrance of the girl who figures in the tale. She was going out to Brookline in a horse-car and when he came to take the fares he seems to have been moved by a not unnatural albeit not overwise desire to be recognized. He looked at her intently, but nothing save the blankest of looks.

'I am afraid you do not remember me, Miss Blank,' he said.

The girl drew herself up with offended dignity, and the frigidity of frozen Boston in her air.

'I certainly do not,' she said coldly. 'Unless,' she added, as if in afterthought, 'you are our old coachman Henry.'

The red rushed into the face of the conductor, and it is to be supposed that he was not a little shocked. He rather than there; but there was a certain brutal wit and not a little sulk in the fellow, and he held himself up wonderfully.

'I am not your old coachman, Henry,' he said, loudly enough to be heard